

(In collaboration with an exhibit of Photographs by JAMES VAN DER ZEE)

PARKER GALLERY
WHISTLER HOUSE MUSEUM

THE UNIVERSITY OF LOWELL
Presents

ERNEST TRIPPLETT

BARITONE

FREDERIKA KING, PIANIST

*Ernest Triplett
77*

PROGRAM

Piango Gemo Sospiro (I weep I moan I sigh and suffer)..... Antonio Vivaldi

I weep, I moan, I sigh and suffer, and the wound is enclosed in the heart. I ask only for the peace of the bosom, that a more violent pain may kill me.

Gia il sole dal Gange (The Sun on the ganges)..... Alessandro Scarlatti

The sun on the Ganges is rising in splendor, to welcome the newborn day! The morn he awakens with touch and tender, and marches upon his way. Now waters are sparkling with jewels of Sunlight! And all thro' the meadows, like stars from the heavens, the dewdrops are gleaming bright.

Das Wandern (Travelling)..... Franz Schubert

To travel is the miller's joy,
To travel!
He must be a sorry miller
Who never had an urge to travel,
To travel!

From the water we have learnt it.
From the water!
Which has no rest by day or night,
And is ever bent on travelling,
The water!

We get it from the mill-wheels too,
The mill-wheels!
Which cannot bear to keep still
But turn untiring all day,
The mill-wheels

Even the millstone, heavy though
they are, The millstones!
They dance in a lively roundelay
And want to go ever faster,
The millstones!

O travel, travel, my delight
O travel!
O my master and mistress,
Permit me to go in peace
And travel!

Der Jungling und der Tod (Youth and the Death)..... Franz Schubert

The sun goes down, O could I, O could I die victorious! With these last rays could I but perish! And, freed from untold torture, rising glorious, Be borne to loftier realms o high, Be borne to loftier realms on high! O hear me! Death, and come to still my yearning! Come reaper Death, I fain would die. O free me! Have mercy! My wounds are burning, With pity see me, hear my cry! O come, O come! May peace be thine! No pain, no anguish haunt thee! Be free From earthly bonds release I grant thee!

Non Piu Andrai (LE NOZZE DI FIGARO).....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

From now on, my adventurous lover,
No romantic philand'ring excursions.
Such diversions are done with and over,
Cherubino, my young cavalier.
You had better forget all your fin'ry,
Feathered caps which you wore to perfection,
Powdered ringlets and creamlike complexion
In the army will soon disappear.
From now on, my adventurous lover etc.
Off with soldiers coarsely swearing,
Long mustaches proudly wearing!
With rifle and a saber
In the army you will labor,
Trumpets clashing, helmets flashing
Lots of fame, but not much money,
And instead on minuetting,
Through the mud you'll stagger sweating,
Up the stony mountains wheezing, sometimes broiling
sometimes freezing, To the tune of trumpets wailing,
While cannonballs are hailing And the rifle bullets
sailing, Whistling by your pretty ear.
You had best forget your fin'ry etc.
From now on, my adventurous lover etc.
Cherubino on to glory, On to glory and to fame!

Lit'l Boy (From "THE LIFE OF CHRIST").....Arranged by Roland Hayes

They Led My Lord Away (From "THE LIFE OF CHRIST").....Arranged by Roland Hayes

Live A Humble (From "THE LIFE OF CHRIST").....Arranged by Roland Hayes

I, Too (From the Three Dream Portraits by Langston Hughes).....Margaret Bonds

Love (From "Five Black Songs" by Jo Ann Harris).....Mark Fax

Genius Child (from the Song Cycle "Mortal Storm, by L. Hughes).....Robert Owens

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 23, 1988